

The **World** as I **See** It

Or

What **Color** is **Red**?

December 2009

Poems and More:
By Wayne Lougee

(Dedicated to my wife of 30 plus years)

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Poetry

6 December 2009

*There is poetry in all nature's creations,
There is poetry in a small child's voice;
It's rhyme in the very form of revelation,
It's a glad message in which we rejoice.*

Author's Note: I wrote this book over a very short period of time just before Christmas 2009. The poems and pictures which I have included in this volume are in way part of my own personal journal. I have recorded here a few of my own personal experiences and thought relating to my life and the world around me. There is much humor to found in my life as you will see, as well as some very solemn experiences. Both are recorded here in words, drawings, and pictures. All of the words are my own. Most of the pictures and drawings are mine too. The purpose of this book is to give joy to my family. Merry Christmas.

A Forgotten Man

(11 November 2009)

An empty chair, a place not taken,
A life not valued, a soul forsaken;

In a world full of people who could care,
Is it so difficult to fill an empty chair?



William Powell as the Forgotten Man
The Darkness of the World
11 November 2009

Amid a world so full of darkness and unbelief,
My thoughts often turn to brighter things;
And, in spite of life's pain seemingly with no relief,

In my mind I can still soar on loftier wings.

I need never dwell on base worldly designs,
Or on any of this earth's darkness and utter waste;
Nor be distracted by imitation glitter that shines,
These are not the things on which my life is based.



Gathering Darkness

The Fall of Autumn

20 November 2009

Spring has departed, summer's long gone,
And now autumn itself is on the wane;
In anticipation I await winter's first dawn,

Counting the years since I boarded this train.

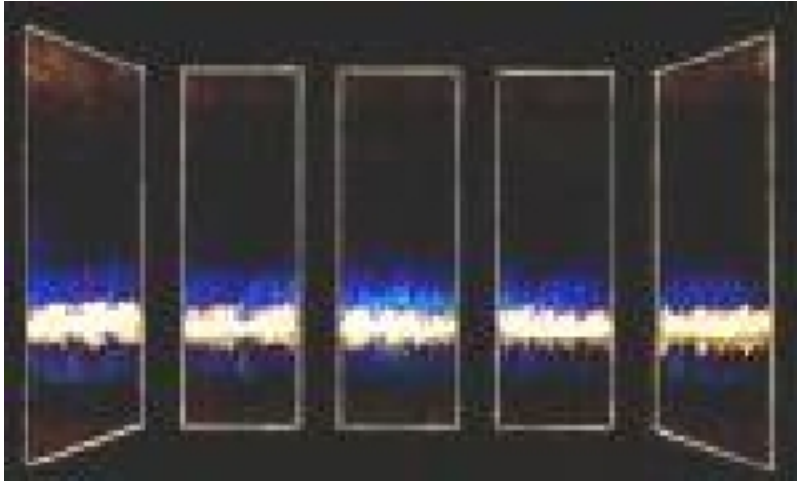


Train scene from an old movie

Cold Sleepless Nights

22 November 2009

The cruel November **chill** crept through my window last **night**,
And **chilled** me to the **bone**;
Much tossing and **turning** in sleepless nightmare and **fright**,
Turned my heart to **stone**.



Night Scenes

November Morning

22 November 2009

Leafless bare trees against the pale slate sky,
And the sun, bright and frozen;
Lifeless forgotten fields, sheltering winter birds,
Amid the wind, icy and brisk;
Endless horizon, blurred by dim light and shadows,
With many a path left unchosen;
Humorless landscape, painted in a stark grey scale,
As if **color** itself has been put at risk.



Rainy Day

The Spark of Creation

22 November 2009

Piercing light with laser-like precision,
Strikes the mind in a series of untamed thoughts;
Crystal pure creation requiring no decision,
Paints on life's canvas in colorful starts and stops.



Fireworks

To Be (Or Not)

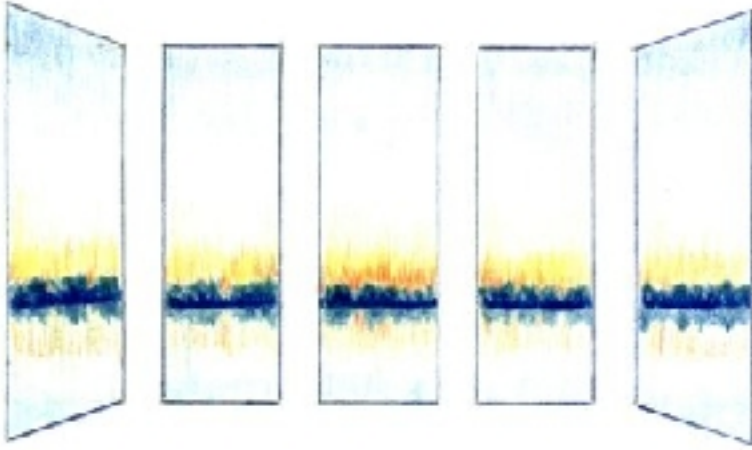
22 November 2009

The sound of Red,
Or the taste of Green;
The color of Anger,
Or the texture of Mean.

To exist as Nothing,
Or to collect a feeling;
To live Time backwards,
Or to stand on the Ceiling.

Life stands in Disarray,
Neither shifting Left or Right;

Free falling thru Space,
Against ripples of Dark and Light.



Windows

Lucky Average

23 November 2009

Average and *Above Average*,
Sitting on a bench;
One has clearly overreached himself,
And *The Other* must be blind.

The *One* stumbling for something to say,
Yet only digging a deeper trench;
The Other Thinking Heavenly thoughts:
A perfect model of all that is *Kind*.

(NOTE: Average is sitting on the Left.)



This poem was inspired by a conversation overheard between Luther Heggs and Alma Parker.

My Dream Home

24 November 2009

Art on the walls,
Pictures in the halls;
My house as a museum,
My home as a dream.

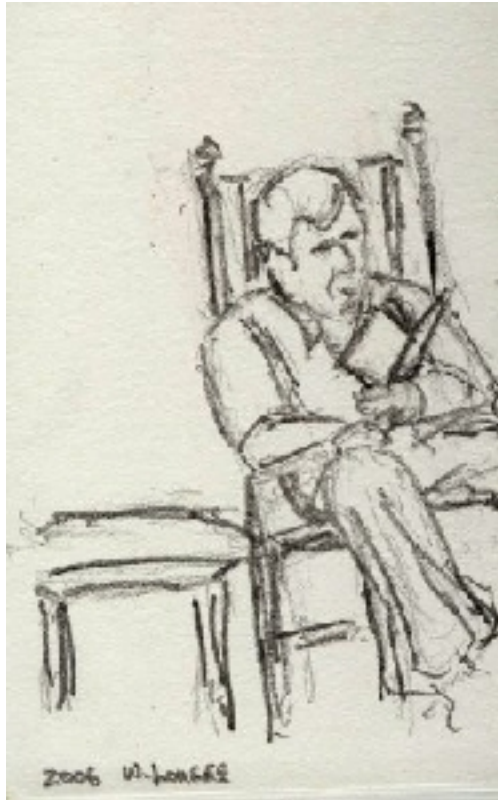


An actual drawing of my dream home.

My Dream Library

24 November 2009

Shelves packed with books,
The volumes piled way up high;
Hidden away in quiet nooks,
Or scattered on the floor nearby.



This is me drawing me while reading a book.

Hot Chocolate

24 November 2009

In the morning I have a cup,
Of hot cocoa just before I wake up;
In the evening I'll go down,
And have another in my nightgown.



Cups

What I Like

24 November 2009

Cary Grant and Lou Costello,
Myrna Loy and Katherine Hepburn;
Apple pie and cherry Jell-O,
Classic films, classic foods -- These are my only concern.



Cary Grant as George Kirby

An Outing with Jen

24 November 2009 (Tuesday)

I am off to Baltimore this afternoon,
With my daughter to visit an art gallery;
But don't expect us home any time soon,
For Walter's Gallery has much to see.

P.S. (Added later in the day)
When we pulled into the Museum parking lot to pay,
We found that it was closed every Tuesday.

P.S.S. Unable to visit Walter's Gallery as foresaid,
We went shopping in Ellicott City instead.



女儿

OCD

25 November 2009

If you **have to** count every truck on the highway,
Or **remember** almost everything you happen to see;
If you feel you **must** follow the same **rituals** every day,
Then maybe just maybe you have **OCD** just like me.



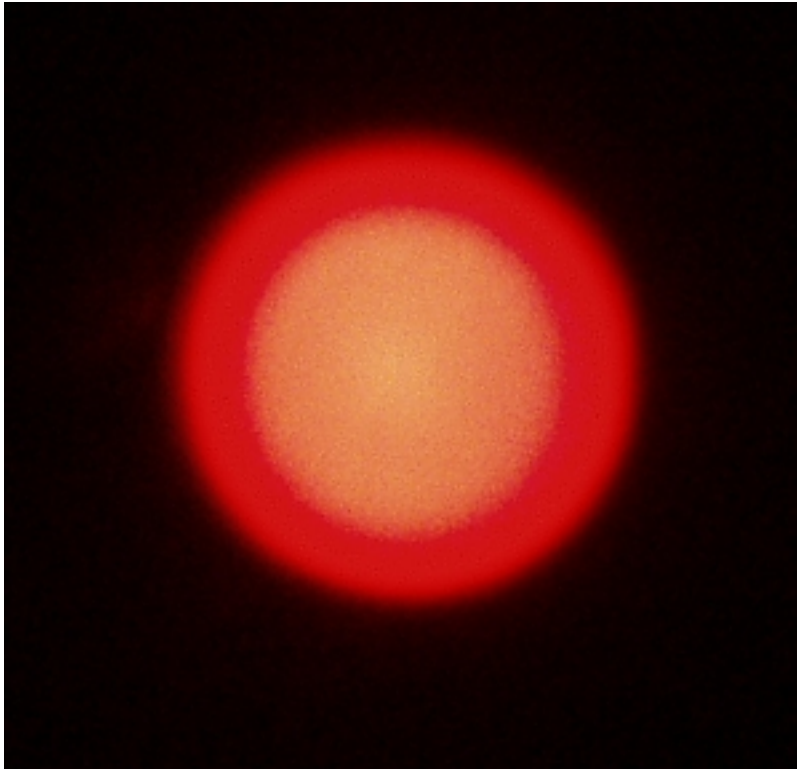
The Red Tree

This painting of the Red Tree,
May have little to do with my OCD;
It is more a product of the drugs,
Designed to rid me of my OCD bugs.

Chasing demons

25 November 2009

People are prone to chase all kinds of demon,
Many being of their own making and design;
To some this turns into a life-long marathon,
While others give it up in a day and feel fine.



The Red Light

Thanksgiving Meat

25 November 2009

Thanksgiving turkeys look so fine,
All brown, and plump, and juicy;
But, I cannot bring myself to dine,
On any meat that tastes so goosey.

Therefore on the fourth Thursday
Of the eleventh month of the year
My wife has often heard me say
Please pass the steak, My Dear.



Big Business
What I Fear
26 November 2009

My fears are basically quite well defined,

I a word, I am scared of most everything;
Not only that which jumps out from behind,
But even if from clear sight it may spring.

When home alone I sleep with the lights on,
So that I can keep the boogie men away;
I hide in my room with the curtains drawn,
So that I can put off the coming doomsday.



Day One

People can be People

26 November 2009

Everywhere I go,
I find most people are not as nice as me;
I don't understand how they can treat one so,
But that's how things can be.



Bad Day

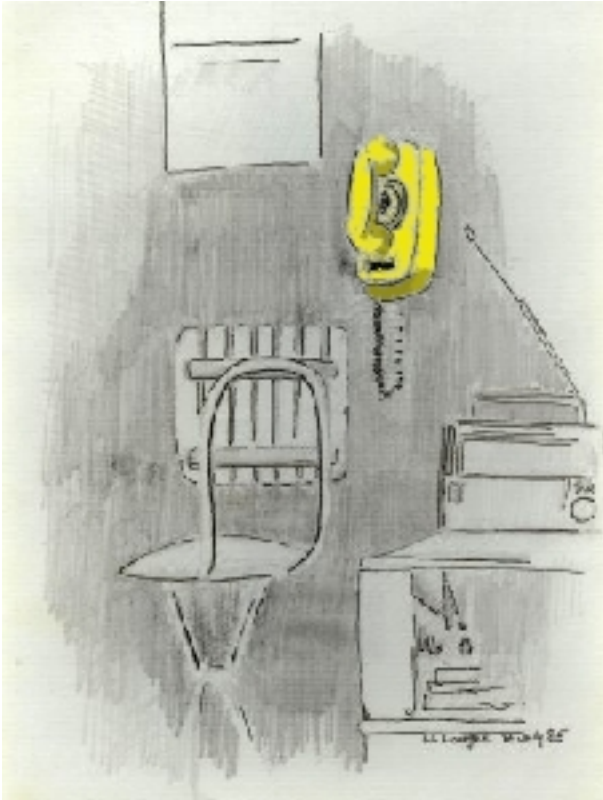
Cell Phones

26 November 2009

It seems everyone now has a cell phone,
That is, everyone but me;
Very soon I may be the only one left alone,
A small price to pay for being free.

You know, a cell phone is another word,
"For nothing else to do";
Anyone can talk on a phone just to be heard,

But that's not my way -- No Thank You!



The Yellow Telephone

Old Friends, Cold Friends

26 November 2009

Some friends are old,
Some friends growing old,
Some friends are just plain too old,
Some friends are so old they've grown cold.

Some friends are cold,
Some friends growing cold,
Some friends are just plain too cold,
Some friends are so cold they've grown old.



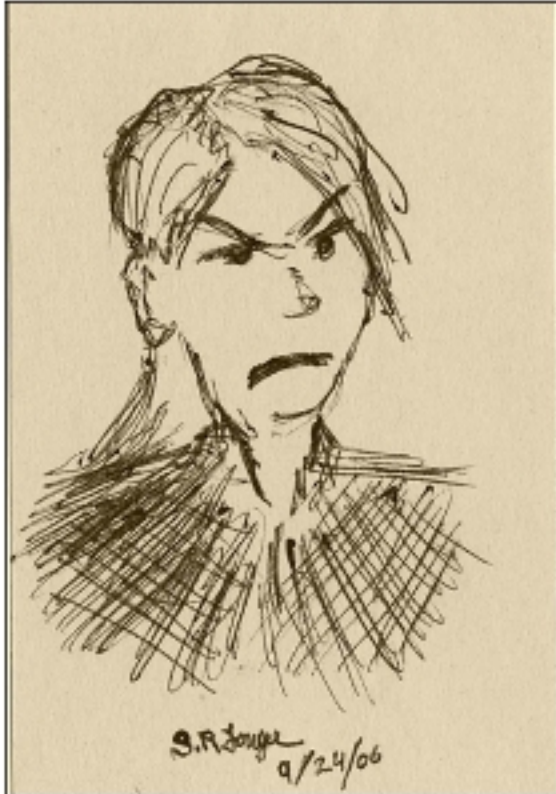
Peter

Arguing with Meagan

26 November 2009

She blogs, I don't,
She travels, I won't,

She pushes, I fall,
She laughs, I bawl.



Meagan

Washing Thanksgiving Dinner Dishes

26 November 2009

Soap in the basin,
Scrubber in hand;
We must all hasten,
To wash every pan.

The dinner is gone,
Dishes stacked high;
Soaking in Calgon,
Hands no longer dry.



A Bowl

Watching White Christmas

27 November 2009

Our Christmas season can never begin,
Until our Thanksgiving dinner has gone bye;
We then gather to watch the classic White Christmas,
While finishing the Thanksgiving Pie.
(Only then does Christmas season begin!)



Pine Tree Railroad Station

Chopsticks and Drumsticks

27 November 2009

Chopsticks: An Asian instrument for dinning,
Chopsticks: A musical tune played on an instrument;
Drumsticks: Pieces of fowl with turkey lining,
Drumsticks: Pieces of wood for musical complement.

Should I:
Employ my **chopsticks** to eat my **drumsticks**;
Or,
Use my **drumsticks** to play the **chopsticks**?



A Chinese Fishing Scene

Ode to the Unknown Poet

27 November 2009

He wrote poems for no one,
For he gave them to no one to consider;
He sold his songs to no one,
For he sold to no one as there was no bidder.

Poor, poor unknown poet.



The Unknown Poet

The Bird that Came to Stay

27 November 2009

She came from Beltsville one dreadful day,
She was so cute, but you should've heard what she had to say;
At first she was just oh so quiet,
But within a few moments she turned the house into a riot.



A Photo of the Bird

Waiting for the Snow

27 November 2009

Dear, please look out and see if it has snowed!
But Honey my dearest, it is only July,
And the lawn still needs to be mowed;
Were you expecting a snowstorm to blow by?

Please, please Dear, tell me if it has snowed!

Oh love of my life you know it cannot be,
The weather is fine and garden needs hoed.
Do you really think it's necessary for me to go see?

My Dearest One, where have you gone?
I just stepped out to look at the sky
And guess what I found covering the lawn?
Who'd ever believe we would have snow in July?



Summer Snow on Mount Hood

Airport Hellos, Airport Goodbyes

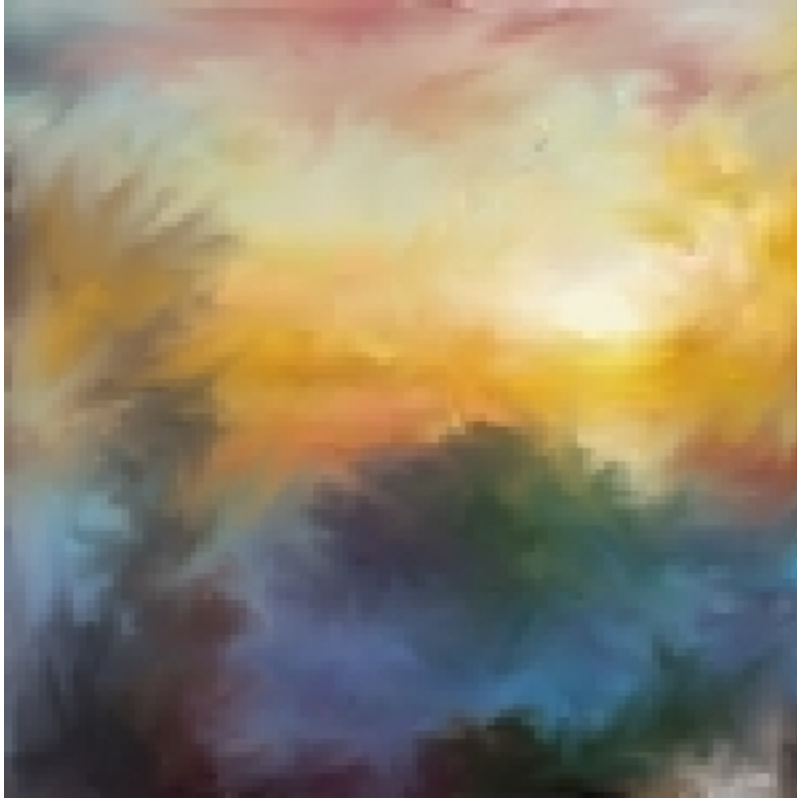
28 November 2009

Arrival day:

Traffic jam, parking lot, go check the signs,
Plane has landed, at the gate, travelers all in lines;
Here she comes, I see her now, hello it's you,
Happy you are here, great to see you, glad you flew.

One week later;

Traffic jam, parking lot, bags in the trunk,
Weary travelers, crowds of people, emotions in a funk
It was fun, grab your tickets, glad you came,
Goodbye, see you next year, don't miss your plane.



Into the Sunset

I didn't Sleep Well Last Night

28 November 2009

Last night I went to bed in one room,
And woke up in still another;
Yet feeling the need for sleep to resume,
And consciousness to smother.

You see, I wake up most every night,
Around one AM or two;
It is usually accompanied with a fright,
Leaving me feeling quite blue.



My Old Bedroom

*

A

Christmas Tree

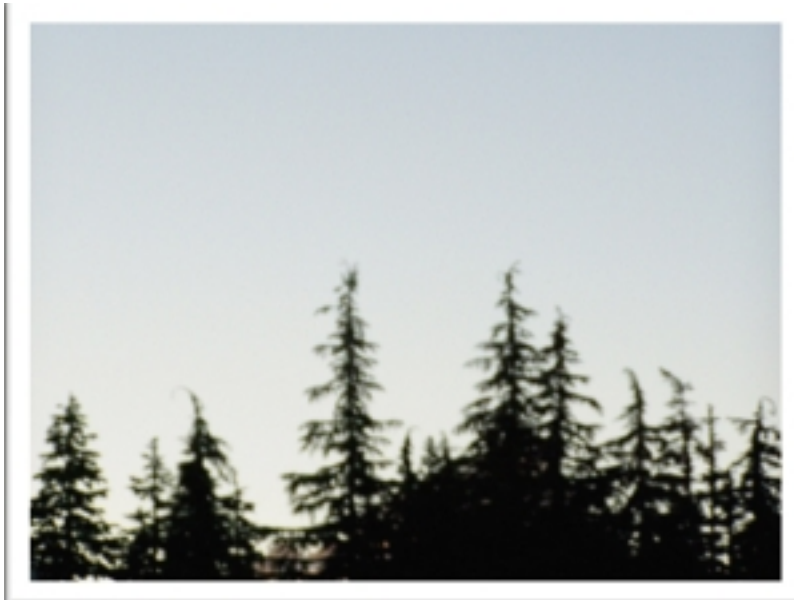
28 November 2009

My family went out to buy,

A Christmas tree at the bazaar;
They usually get one eight feet high,
But that never leaves room for the star.

—
—

—



Christmas Trees in the Wild

Bring the Boys Back Home

28 November 2009

Tonight the house is quiet
But, last night was not that way
The place was like a riot

And now our boys have gone away.

We have learned love the quiet
But we do miss the noise
It's not that we love the disquiet
It's just we miss our boys



Chuck and Joe -- The Boys

My Mental Self

29 November 2009

I think, I feel,
I don't merely exist;
A mind should be active,
And never dismissed.



My Brain on Poetry

If I Were a Bird or a Dog or a Fish

29 November 2009

Sometimes when I dream,
I am a bird that flies;
And in that role I seem,
To soar throughout the skies.

Sometimes I long to lay,
On a couch, a floor or even a log;
And lay all though the long day,
Just as if I were a dog.

Sometimes I wish,

To float away in a pool;
Just like the fish,
Swimming in their school.



Neighborhood Sheepdog

My Three Silly Sisters

29 November 2009

Three sisters silly,
Living in one house;
One's name is Billie,
She's quiet as a mouse.

Two sisters silly,
Living in a home;
One's name is Lilly,
She's a tall as a gnome.

One sister silly,

Living all alone;
Her name is Tillie,
She's as skinny as a bone.



Not one of the Three Sisters

I dreamt I Saw My Father

30 November 2009

I dreamt I saw my Father last night,
He was making to depart;
I ran after him to take one last sight,
And to hold him to my heart.

I told him I would see him again,
He nodded and walk away;
He truly was great among all men.
Oh, to be like him I do pray.



My Father

A Long, Hard Day

30 November 2009

I'm worn out,
I've worked hard all day;
I'm done moving all about,
I'm in my La-z-boy to stay.

I'm tired,
I haven't rested all day;
My nerves are wired,
I'm in my La-z-boy to stay.



The author asleep

He Became a Good Man

1 December 2009

How is it that a Scrooge is,
Defined as a mean miserly person;
When really what we should remember tis,
Scrooge became a good man when all was said and done.



Seymour Hicks Playing Scrooge (1935)

Rush, Rush, Hurry, Hurry

1 December 2009

Rush, rush, hurry, hurry,
Got to get it done today;
Rush, rush, hurry, hurry,
Move over or get out of my way.

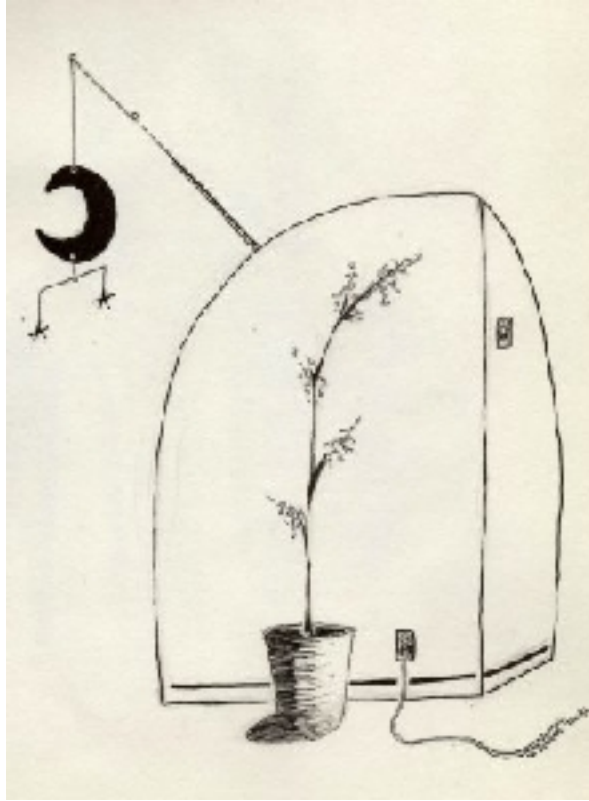


Shoes (for walking not stepping on people)

The December Sun

1 December 2009

It is afternoon on the first of December,
And the sun has gone down for its early rest;
In this winter darkness I try to remember,
The summer sun and its lengthy heavenly quest.



Nightfall

Tithing Settlement

1 December 2009

I'm off to see the Bishop
To declare my annual tithes and offerings
I'm glad to have laid up

Heavenly blessing that paying tithing brings.

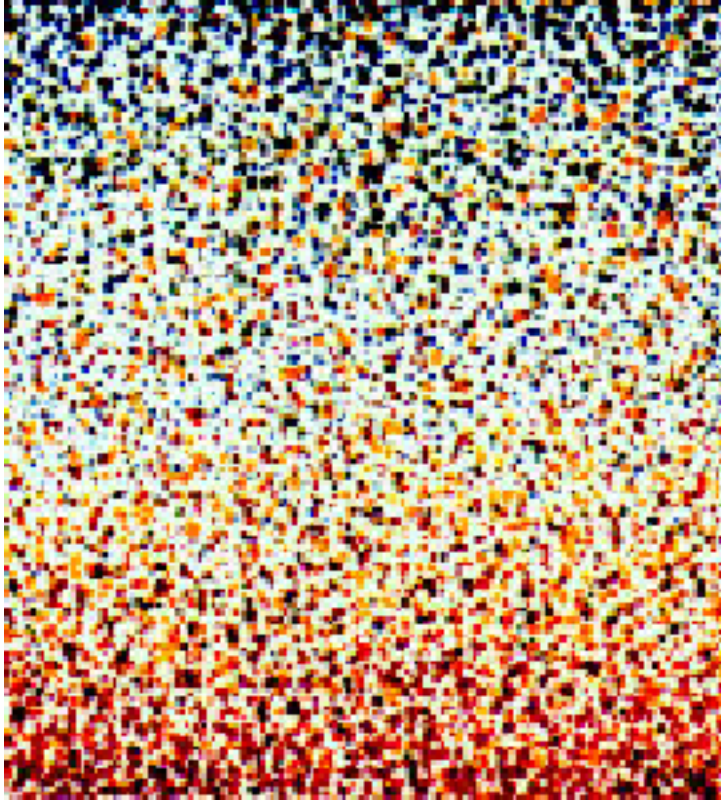


The Recording Angel

Dots

2 December 2009

All Colors and hues,
The reds and the blues;
Blend as if one,
When the painting is done.



Dots at Sunrise

Wind and Rain

2 December 2009

Tear-shaped liquid in a vertical freefall,
Water drops streaming from a steel grey sky;
A solemn sight to witness the heavens bawl,
An unquestionable delight to behold nature cry.

Gusts of cold air following a horizontal path,
Gale-force pressure whistling thru the trees;
Driving the cold rain from nature's own bath,
Blowing earth's debris in fits and volleys.



During the Storm

Dorothy

2 December 2009

Have you ever passed through,
A red gate set into a brick wall;
And found yourself like Dorothy,
No longer in Kansas after all?



Not Kansas

No Sleep Last Night

3 December 2009

Listen to the noise inside my head,
As it penetrates both inside and out;
I'm not understanding anything said,
Everyone feels they need to shout.

This world of mine is never silent,
It is non-stop action without end;
Even in sleep, my dreams are violent,
There is little in life I comprehend.

And in the very quiet of the morning,
The awful noise is at its worst;
And often then without any warning,
I feel my head scream as it starts to burst.



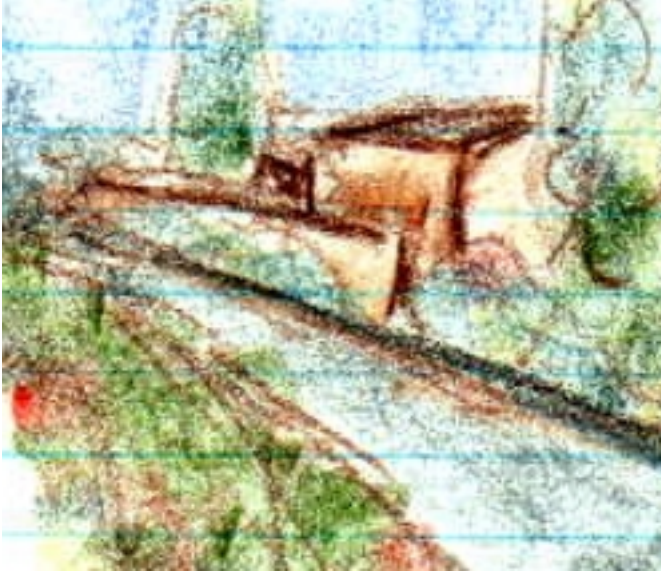
The Quiet Beach

To Work and Back

3 December 2009

(Going to work)
Ivystone Lane,
Cedarbrook Drive;
Leave for work sane,
Arrive alive.

(Coming home)
BW Parkway,
Laurel-Bowie Road;
A long hard day,
A heavy workload.



Laurel-Bowie Road

Morning on the Beltway

3 December 2009

My radio is blaring,
The sunlight is glaring;
The traffic is crawling,
The pace is appalling.



Not the Beltway, but just as fast

A Idea on Death Row

4 December 2009

Last night I had an idea that I now realize will never fly,
For I had clipped its wings to early condemning it to die;
I never thought I could be wrong, but now I'm sure I am,
So to the slaughter was the cry for this my precious lamb.



Clipped Wings

In the Park with My Daughter

4 December 2009

When my daughter was young,
We would swing on the swings;
And then after we had swung,
She'd do a couple handsprings.



Jen

Red Skies

4 December 2009

Red sky in the morning,
As I walk out of the house;
Red sky in the evening,
As return home to my spouse.



Red Sky in the Morning

Listening in Church

4 December 2009

At church when we sit and listen,
To our teachers as they teach;
We sometimes catch the vision,
Of the heights we all may reach.

But then sometimes we fall asleep,
During the most important parts;
Making it difficult for us to keep,
The sacred messages in our hearts.



Church meeting in Taiwan

At the Drones Club

5 December 2009

I have never been to the Drones Club,
But I hear it gets quite wild;
Between all the noise and the hubbub,
The action is rarely mild.

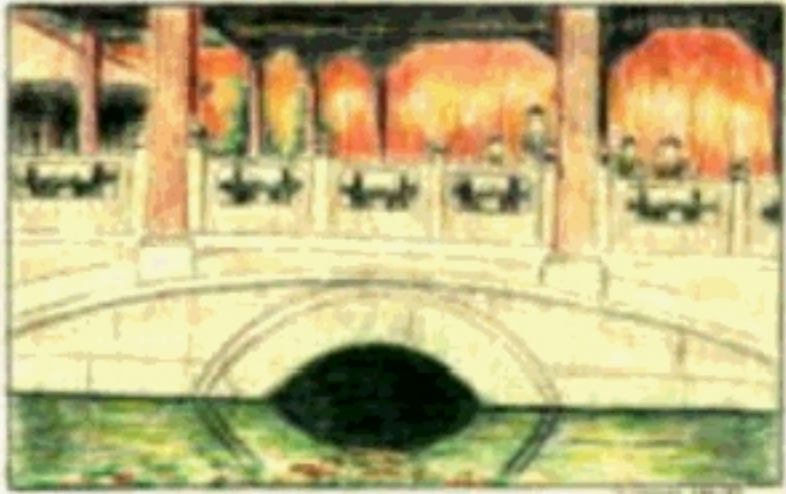


Member of the Club

In the Garden

5 December 2009

Quietly, I walked in the garden,
Early on a warm summer's eve;
On paths that had been trodden,
More years than I can conceive.



The Ancient Garden

Picking Wildflowers

5 December 2009

It is late summer and the wildflowers are in bloom,
If I can find a pretty red one I will take it home to my Dear;
She will place it in her lapel and brighten up the room,
Bringing to our humble home much happiness and good cheer.



Late Summer, Early Fall

In the Shade of a Fruit Seller's Tent

5 December 2009

On a **hot** summer's afternoon,
Beside the busy city street;
The poor fresh fruit tycoon
Sells **cool** sweet melons to eat.

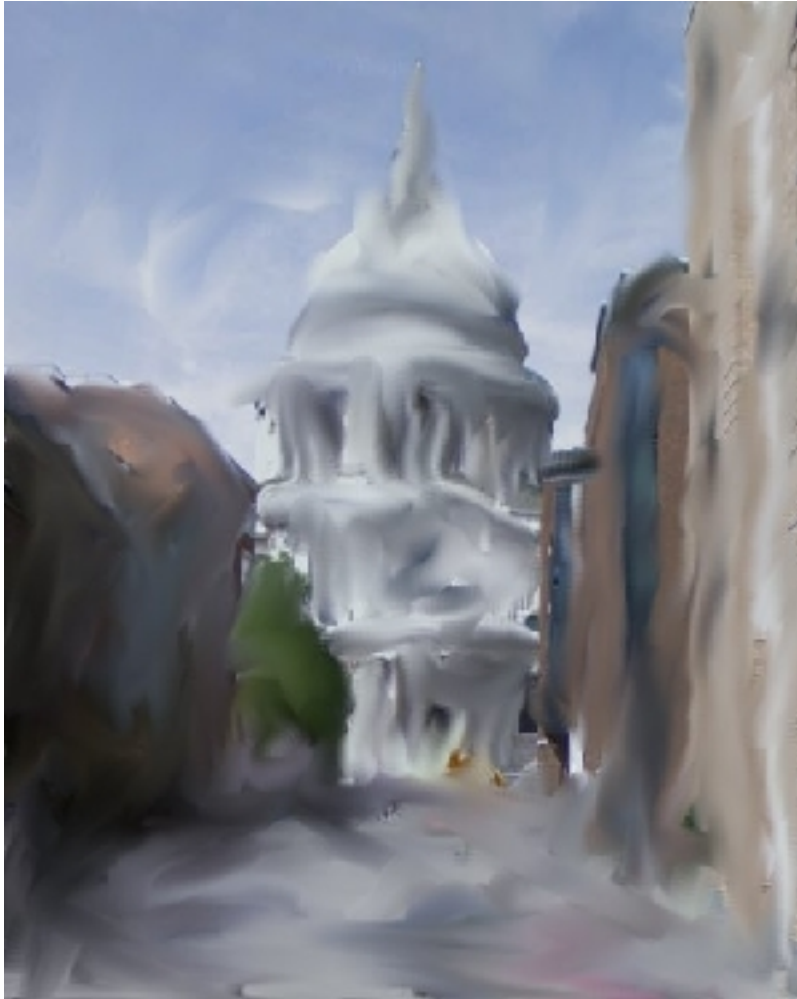


The Watermelon Tent

Fat Birds

5 December 2009

In the end, all the pigeons had been fed,
And on the white cathedral steps sat;
Still alive but feeling somewhat dead,
Unable to fly because they were too fat.



The Cathedral

Old Chicken

5 December 2009

When I told her my last name was Lougee,
She smiled and cackled like a little hen;
When I asked her what she found so funny,
She explained in Chinese it means "Old Chicken."



An Old Hen

The Girl I Love

5 December 2009

She has got looks, She has got brains,
She's fun to be with, She never complains;
She doesn't scold, She doesn't whine,
And most of all, she doesn't mind "being mine."



My Girl

In My closet

5 December 2009

Most people don't know my secrets,
They never learn my hiding places;
From my castle's loftiest turrets,
To my mind's private inner spaces.



My Secret Place

Purple and Green Stones

5 December 2009

Purple walls under green rafters,
Stone columns hold up a round ceiling;
Sunlight falls on quiet laughter
The ancient air brings on a soothing feeling.



The Abbey in Purple and Green Light

Evening by the Water

5 December 2009

On a small, quiet inlet,
Down by the Chesapeake bay;
We are waiting for the sun to set,
At the end of a lovely day.



Sunset on the Bay

The palace Walls

5 December 2009

Beyond the palace, but inside the moat,
Stand the sturdy palace walls;
The old walls seemingly upon the water float,
Protecting palace, gardens, and halls.



The Palace Moat

Call Me Al

5 December 2009

Here's a small crayon drawing of a friend of mine,
I drew this one Sunday just to pass the time;
His name was Alvero, but you can call him Al,
After all these years, he's still a good friend and pal.



Alvero

Listening to the Spirit

6 December 2009

Sitting reverently, seeking the Spirit,
Searching for guidance and desiring to hear it;
Praying fervently that I may obey,
The counsel from God that I may hear this day.



The Author and the Answer to His Prayers

Two Friends

6 December 2009

Down by the shady lakeside,
Two travelers took in the view;
Sitting and talking until eventide,
An old friendship to renew.



Two Friends

Deer Harbor

6 December 2009

I know a distant and secluded place,
A town where even time stands still;
And one can recognize its ancient face,
Upon every aged door and window sill.

And, there stands a timeless temple site,
Just outside of this dusty settlement;
Dulled by the years of neglected blight,
As witnessed by sagging roofline crescent.



Dragon Mountain Temple

Ode to the Nine Tailors

6 December 2009

Driving through the Fen country,
On a beautiful Saturday afternoon;
Feel like a regular urban escapee,
Out upon a rural honeymoon.



The Fen Country

I Stood with George

6 December 2009

Side by side, together we stood,
Starry eyed, for I knew he was good.



Me and George

Christmas Air
6 December 2009

You can sense it in a child's prayer,
You can feel it in the chilly air;
You may glimpse it in kindly acts of care,
You may see it in the way people share.

It is the Spirit of Christ you are feeling there,
It is Christmas that is in the air.

Merry Christmas, Everyone.

Wayne Lougee, 7 December 2009

About the Author

Wayne Lougee is the Son of Donald and Marilyn Lougee and the husband of Debra Ann (Parkman) Lougee. He and Debra have three wonderful children: Gary Wayne Lougee, Scott Reed Lougee and Jennifer Lynn Lougee.

Wayne and Debra, who currently live in the Maryland suburbs of Washington D.C., were both raised on the west coast (mostly Oregon) and met at the University of Oregon.

A lifelong and faithful member of the L.D.S. Church, Wayne Served a mission to Taiwan from 1976 to 1978. Over the years he has serve in many church callings and at this present time serves as an High Councilor for the Silver Spring Maryland Stake.

In 198, Wayne graduated from the University of Oregon with a degree in Chinese Languages and Literature. In 1990, he graduated from the University of Maryland School of Law with a J.D.

Debra graduated from Towson University with a degree in Occupational Therapy. She has worked with handicap children for many years in the local school system.

His son Gary graduated from the University of Maryland and is now employed by the United States Department of Agriculture. Gary is married to Barbara Jean Lougee and lives in Riverdale Maryland. Scott holds a manager's position at the University of Phoenix and is attending Arizona State. Scott is married to Meagan Ray Lougee and lives in Mesa Arizona. Jennifer is in her fourth year at BYU and is studying landscape management.

Wally and Jasper Lougee are Wayne's pet dogs, Wally being a Wire-haired Fox Terrier while Jasper is an Italian Greyhound. Jasper really belongs to Scott and Wally is Jennifer's puppy. Gary being allergic to almost everything does not have a dog, though he has been known to raise small rodents.

